

NONE love me best;

NONE love me best;

I do not feel the need

For earthly love of one fond human heart.

Like some poor wretch,

Some spray of ocean weed,

Upon the waves of life I drift apart;

Not all alone - yet lonely and unloved

Because unsatisfied - none love me best.

NONE love me best;

Of all whom I can claim,

There is not one so large in number, not a few

Kindred alike

In tender thought & name,

In blood & soul - generous hearts & true,

But each hath dearer ties, I cannot rest,

Calm & contented, where none love me best.

Oh, how love me best,

There is no heart that turns

To mine, as to thy poor, starved, faint, & poor,

It is for whom

My love a dream has been,

Lighting for me, all around me dark,

Whitening me, my refuge - on my breast,

As dearest comfort - none love me best.

None love me best;

All yet & a while a smile

As I smile, with kindly look & tone,

It is love of love

Is mine, and yet the while,

I know they ne love, or feel alone;

I am not loved - call that a warmer guest

Than my poor heart can give - none

Love me best.

None love me best:

When in my coffin laid,

I knew that tender hands will cut my grave,

All cold & white,

And the words be said,

But none will need to feel my cold

Not as will mine, with true heart going opposite

Her nearest, dearest, gone - none love me best

None love me best.

Ah! mark thy plaint, poor heart,

And give to others from thy own larger store

(Thou shalt than at last

In love's divine part).

The less they give to thee, the more & more,

So give them to receive is far on me the best

Be glad, poor heart, because none love me

best.

My L. L. L.